

T H E  
CHILDREN'S FRIEND;

CONSISTING OF  
APT TALES, SHORT DIALOGUES,  
AND MORAL DRAMAS;

ALL INTENDED  
To engage ATTENTION, cherish FEELING,  
and inculcate VIRTUE, in  
THE RISING GENERATION.

TRANSLATED BY  
The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN,  
From the FRENCH of M. BERQUIN.

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V O L. III.

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GENEROSITY TAUGHT  
PRUDENCE.

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THE sun had not been long above the horizon, one beautiful morning in the spring, when Clementina was already come down stairs, and in her father's garden, that by exercise she might procure herself a better appetite for breakfast. Every thing that charms us at that early season of the day, united to give pleasure to the little girl. A gentle zephyr breath'd delight and freshness thro' her soul: her appetite was flatter'd by the pro-

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mise of that fruit which was completely  
set ; her eye-sight, with the springing  
verdure of the hills and meadows ; and  
her smell, with the balsamic perfume  
of a thousand different flowers ; while  
that her ear might not alone be void  
of entertainment, two fine nightingales  
were perched upon the topmost branches  
of a tree, and sung their morning mu-  
sic. Clementina was so charm'd with  
every thing about her, that a tear of  
pleasure form'd itself in either eye,  
but did not quit it ; and her bosom,  
agitated by a sweet emotion, over-  
flow'd with love and kindness. In  
such a mood, she saunter'd on with-  
out precisely knowing whither, when  
the tread of some one not far off dis-  
turb'd her. Looking round about, she

*TAUGHT PRUDENCE.* 5

saw a little child advancing tow'rd her in the walk, and eating, as she went along, a bit of coarse brown bread.

This child too, being out for pleasure, saunter'd just like Clementina with her eyes not fix'd on any single object, so that she was almost close to Clementina, without seeing her. But when she saw her, she stopp'd short, then turn'd about, and like a timorous hare ran off with no less nimbleness. Stop, stop; said Clementina. What's the matter with you? But these words, which were intended to detain the fearful creature, only serv'd to make her run the faster.

Clementina follow'd her, but never having been accusom'd much

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to running, every step she took, saw plainly she lost ground.

The little girl, that she might get away with greater certainty, had struck into another path, which did not lead directly to the garden gate. This, Clementina, no less sensible than pretty, was aware of: therefore, slackening now her speed, she crept along the hedge between the little run-a-way and her, and gain'd the end, as if the matter had been settled so between them, at the very moment when the other, having pass'd it, was just lifting up the latch and thought herself in safety. So she rush'd upon her, crying out, Aha! I've caught you; have I then, at last? Yes, yes,

Cle

### TAUGHT PRUDENCE. 7

you're now my prisoner, and can't get away.

The little captive, notwithstanding, still continued struggling to get free from Clementina; and this last went on: Pray don't be foolish, little girl! What ails you? If you did but know the good I mean to do you, certainly you would not be so frightened;—There: take courage:—Come my pretty child, and let me have a little conversation with you.

Such kind language, and the tone it was delivered with, soon calm'd the little creature's bosom, and she follow'd Clementina into an adjoining harbour.

Have you got a father, pray? said Clementina, making her sit down.

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*DOLLY.*

Yes, miss.

*CLEMENTINA.*

And what's his business?

*DOLLY.*

Any thing to get a bit of bread :  
he's come to work this morning in  
your garden, and has brought me  
with him.

*CLEMENTINA.*

O, I see him down below there ;  
don't I ? near the melon ground, We  
call him Heavy Dick. But what's  
that there you've got for breakfast ?  
Let me eat a bit. O bless me ! how  
it scratches my throat ! Why don't  
your father get you better bread than  
this ?

*DOLLY.*

## TAUGHT PRUDENCE. 9

DOLLY.

Because he can't.

CLEMENTINA.

And yet he gets a deal of money, I believe, by working. He might surely give you good white bread: or something to put over this, and make it go down better.

DOLLY.

Yes, were I the only child: but we are five, and all eat very heartily. Besides, we're always wanting something to put on; a petticoat; a jacket; or the like: which turns his brain to think upon it. I need always work, says he, yet never shall get half enough to satisfy these brats.

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CLEMENTINA.

I dare say then you never yet ate  
sweetmeats?

DOLLY.

Sweetmeats, miss! pray what are  
they?

CLEMENTINA.

Look here; the same as what you  
see upon my bread.

DOLLY.

I never saw such things before.

CLEMENTINA.

Then bite a bit. Don't be afraid.  
You see I eat them.

DOLLY (*quite pleas'd.*)

O dear me! how nice and sweet!

CLEMENTINA.

Ay ay, I thought you'd say so.



**TAUGHT PRUDENCE. 11**

But my dear, I haven't ask'd you what your name is.

DOLLY (*getting up and curtsying.*)

Dolly, miss ; an't please you.

CLEMENTINA.

Well, dear Dolly, wait a little. I'll go up into the house, and beg my governess to give you something good. — Stay here however : I'll come back immediately. Don't run away.

DOLLY.

No, no ; I don't now fear you any longer.

Clementina ran into her governess's chamber, and desir'd to have some sweetmeats for a little girl, whose father could not give her any thing but coarse brown bread for breakfast.

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Mad'moiselle was very glad to find her lovely pupil so considerate, and gave her instantly a saucer full of comfits, with a new French roll : and Clementina hasten'd down the garden with them, overjoy'd to think poor Dolly would have such a breakfast.

Well, said Clementina, having reach'd the arbour, have I kept you waiting long ? See here, my little Dolly ; this is all for you. There ; put your brown bread by. You'll have enough of that to eat another time.

DOLLY (*having tasted the comfits, licks her lips and says*)

O goodness ! 'tis for all the world like so much sugar ! and I never eat

TAUGHT PRUDENCE. 13

such charming things in all my life before.

CLEMENTINA.

I'm very glad you like them, notwithstanding I was sure they'd please you.

DOLLY.

And do you, miss, eat such sweet-meats, as you call them, every day? We poor folks should not know what sweet-meats mean.

CLEMENTINA.

I'm very sorry for it: but do you come frequently and see me, and I'll always give you some. But bless my heart, how fresh and well you look! And are you never ill?

DOLLY.

I ill, miss? never.

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*CLEMENTINA.*

Never happen to catch cold, or get the Influenza?

*[DOLLY.]*

Influenza! what disorder's that?

*CLEMENTINA.*

A constant running at the nose.

*DOLLY.*

Yes, yes, if that's the Influenza, miss, I have it sometimes; but don't call that being ill.

*CLEMENTINA.*

And when you have it, do they make you lye a-bed?

*DOLLY.*

A bed! Ah ah. I fancy mammy would in that case make a fine to do about the house, if I should lye a-bed.

TAUGHT PRUDENCE. 15

CLEMENTINA.

But what have you to do then?  
You're so little!

DOLLY.

Haven't I in winter to fetch thistles  
for the afs? and turf, to make a fire?  
And mustn't I, in summer, go a glean-  
ing and the like? Ah Miss, it is not  
work we want for, I assure you.

CLEMENTINA.

And are all your sisters quite as well  
as you?

DOLLY.

Yes, quite so; and as lively too  
as grigs.

CLEMENTINA.

I'm very glad of that. Till now I  
did not think God car'd for such a

16 *GENEROSITY*

number of poor children, as I've seen ; but since you say you are so well, I find they're not forgot. I'm very well too, Dolly, tho' I am not quite so stout and fat as you are. But my little dear, I see you're bare-foot. Where may be your shoes and stockings ?

DOLLY.

Where ? I never wear such things. 'Twould cost my daddy too much money, should he give us all a pair of each a piece, and therefore, we all go without them.

CLEMENTINA.

Are you never then afraid of hurting your poor feet ?

DOLLY.

I never think about them. I've

*TAUGHT PRUDENCE.* 17

a good stout pair of soles that God has given me underneath them.

CLEMENTINA.

Let me see. A pair of soles! Oh, oh! I understand.—But why do you give over eating?

DOLLY.

I've been talking here a long long while, and now must go and get some grass: 'twill soon be eight o'clock, when Jack will want his breakfast.

CLEMENTINA.

Can't your brother eat his breakfast by himself?

DOLLY.

My brother, Miss? Lord help you, Jack's our ass.

*CLEMENTINA.*

Oh, is he? Well then put the rest into your pocket. Where's your roll. Look here. I'll pull the crumb out—there—and now there's room to hold your comfits in the hollow.

*DOLLY.*

Do you know, I'll give my youngest sister this. She won't stand looking at the comfits, when her lips have touch'd them. Oh! I warrant you, they'll all be quickly gone.

*CLEMENTINA.*

I love you now a great deal better than I did before, for thinking of your little sister.

*DOLLY.*

I get nothing good, but I am sure



TAUGHT PRUDENCE. 19

to give her some. Good b'ye, Miss.

CLEMENTINA.

And good b'ye, my little Dolly :  
but remember, and come here again  
tomorrow, at the time I saw you first  
this morning.

DOLLY.

Oh if Mammy doesn't send me else-  
where, I'll be certain not to miss.

Our little lady had enjoy'd the  
satisfaction now of doing good. She  
took a few turns more about the gar-  
den, thinking of the pleasure she had  
done poor Dolly, of the gratitude she  
show'd her for the comfits, and the joy  
with which her little sister would be  
sure to eat them.

What will be the case then, said she  
to herself, when I shall give her a fine

necklace, and a suit of ribbands—have you those Mama-bought yesterday? for in a week or two, I think I shall have had enough of them, and like some other things better. I will look too in my drawers this morning for old things to dress her out in. We are both exactly of a height; and what I wear, will fit her very well. I long to see her fine

She got again into the garden on the morrow very early, and her little benefactress gave her half-a-dozen cakes which she had bought at the Confectioner's.

For upwards of a month she did not fail a single morning to be present at the place of meeting, and the generous Clementina every morning gave her some nice thing or other.

## TAUGHT PRUDENCE. 31

When the pence she had contriv'd to  
hands were not enough to go to market  
for her favourite, she would beg her  
have had her Mama to let her pay a visit to  
the other store room, and her dear Mama  
drawer consented always with the greatest  
eagerness.

Exactly. However, so it happen'd that at  
will strength she had a very unexpected and  
er fine unwelcome answer upon coming to  
den on request a certain favour. She desir'd  
r little dear Mama would let her have  
dozen beforehand three weeks' or a month's  
allowance, to buy shoes and stockings,  
so that Dolly might no more go bare-  
foot. No, my dear, replied her mother.  
And why not, Mama? said Cle-  
mentina.

I'll inform you, when we go to din-  
ner.

ner, she made answer, why I wish you'd be less liberal to your favourite.

Clementina was surpris'd at the refusal, and had never sigh'd so much for dinner as that day. At last the second bell was rung.

The dinner was half over, and as the little lady's mother had not said a word concerning Dolly; but at length the servant putting down the plate of prawns upon the table, afforded Mrs. Montague a proper opportunity of introducing what she had to say upon the subject.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

Ah! I see there's what my little Clementina likes! I'm glad I thought of having them.

*TAUGHT PRUDENCE.* 23

CLEMENTINA.

Oh yes, Mama, I'm very fond of prawns; and now's the season for them.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

But I'm sure your Dolly would be fonder of them still.

CLEMENTINA.

Ah, poor dear Dolly, I dare say she never saw such things in all her life. Should she have nothing but a glimpse of these long whiskers, how afraid she'd be, and I should see her run away as fast as any hare! Mama, if you'll permit me, I should like to know what sort of face the little girl would make up at them.—Only two, Mama, for Dolly; and those two, the least.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

If I should only give you one, it would be much against my will.

CLEMENTINA.

Why so, Mama, pray tell me ; you that are so good to every body ? When I ask'd you for a little money to buy Dolly shoes and stockings, you refused me. Dolly must have needs done something to displease you. Possibly she may have trampled on the flowers, by running to me in the garden. Oh I promise you, I'll scold her for it heartily.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

No, no, my dear, your Dolly has not in the least displeas'd me. But consider of a proper answer to the following

TAUGHT PRUDENCE. 25

lowing question : would you, by your generosity, make Dolly happy or unhappy ?

CLEMENTINA.

I can tell at once : I'd make her happy. Who could wish to have so poor a child unhappy !

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

And for my part, I should like to see one happy who has merited the friendship of my little Clementina. But pray tell me ; is it true, has Dolly nothing but dry bread for breakfast ?

CLEMENTINA.

Yes, Mama, you may believe me ; for I scorn to tell a story.

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Mrs. MONTAGUE.

How! and has she hitherto been satisfied with such a breakfast?

CLEMENTINA.

Oh quite satisfied! and were you only to be by while she is eating her dry bread, you'd say I never eat a nice French roll and muffin with such pleasure.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

She must have a charming appetite; but sure, she does not walk about barefooted?

CLEMENTINA.

Yes indeed, Mama, or ask the gardener.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

Why, her feet must certainly be



*TAUGHT PRUDENCE.* 27

badly cut by walking on the stones or gravel.

CLEMENTINA.

Not at all, Mama. She runs like any little fawn, as you would say, if you but saw her; and when I first met with her in the garden, talking of her feet, she said she had a good stout pair of soles, that God had given her, underneath them.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

I am sure, my Clementina is no story-teller: yet I own, I cannot easily imagine what you tell me: I should like to see what faces you would make, were I to give you nothing but dry bread for breakfast.

CLEMENTINA.

Oh I could not get it down, I'm certain.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

And not only that, but I should like to see how you'd be pleas'd with walking for a month or two bare-footed.

CLEMENTINA.

Look ye, dear Mama, pray don't be angry, but last week I thought I'd try. And being in the garden by myself, I pull'd my shoes and stockings off, that I might see how well I could perform. My feet were sadly hurt, and yet I walked a little further, till I struck my toe against a stone before me. Oh, Mama, what pain it gave me! so I went back slowly, put my shoes and stockings on again, and

*TAUGHT PRUDENCE.* 29

promis'd I would never walk a second time without them. Poor dear Dolly ! Yet, Mama, you know 'tis summer now ; what then must Dolly suffer, when 'tis winter !

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

What indeed ! but pray, how comes it, you could neither eat dry bread for breakfast, nor walk bare-foot without hurting your poor little toe ?

CLEMENTINA.

Perhaps, because I'm not accusom'd to do either.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

But if she should be accustomed thro' your kindness to eat sweetmeats, and have shoes and stockings ; and if afterwards, dry bread should go against

30 G E N E R O S I T Y

her, and in case of having neither shoes nor stockings, she should hurt her feet whenever she went out, would you imagine you had done her any service?

CLEMENTINA.

No, Mama: but I intend to manage matters so that she shall never be reduc'd to eat dry bread, or be without a pair of shoes or stockings any longer.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

Kiss me, Clementina. You're a generous little creature, and I make no doubt, but your allowance will suffice to do all this.

CLEMENTINA.

It will, Mama, if you but add a little to it.

*TAUGHT PRUDENCE.* 31

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

You must know I wish to be of service to the poor whenever I've an opportunity. But is your Dolly then, the only little child you are acquainted with, in want at present?

CLEMENTINA.

I know many others, and particularly so, two little children in the village here hard by us, that have lost their parents.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

And who, doubtless, well deserve you should afford them some assistance?

CLEMENTINA.

Yes indeed, Mama.

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Mrs. MONTAGUE.

But if you part with every thing to Dolly, finding her in biscuits, and the like, while you permit so many others to expire with hunger, would there be much justice or humanity in such a partiality ?

CLEMENTINA.

From time to time, I'll give them something likewise; but I love poor Dolly more than any other little girl.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

Were you to die and Dolly at her case—

CLEMENTINA.

I'm sure she'd take on very much.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

I think so too ; but as your death would sink her once more into poverty,

TAUGHT PRUDENCE. 33

'tis possible she might be tempted, for the sake of having still nice victuals, and fine cloaths, to do exceedingly wrong things : who then would be the cause of this ?

CLEMENTINA (*sorrowfully.*)

I should, mama. I see then I must never give poor Dolly any thing in future,

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

No : that's not my counsel either ; but if I were you, I'd be a deal more sparing of my sweetmeats for the time to come, and give her some good thing to wear instead.

CLEMENTINA.

Yes, yes, mama ; and I was thinking too of that myself. I'll give her

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if you please—let's see—O, one of my silk robes.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

Your crimson satin slip for instance, that will suit her nicely, without shoes and stockings.

CLEMENTINA.

How you make me smile, mama! why all the people in the street would fall a laughing at her. What then shall I give her?

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

If you'll follow my direction, I'd lay by a part of my allowance every week; and having got a little sum together, buy her something absolutely necessary, which you may do very soon. The stuff to dress poor children in, is not so dear.



*TAUGHT PRUDENCE.* 35

The little lady follow'd her mama's advice. From that time forward, Dolly did not come so frequently at breakfast time into the garden, and had not so many sweetmeats, but her benefactress made her much more useful presents, such as aprons, petticoats and shifts, and paid to have her put to school, that she might learn to read, write, cast accounts, and work.

Of such considerable obligations, Dolly was so sensible, that every day, she lov'd her little mistress more and more. She often came to see her, and would always ask if she had any work to give her: And when Clementina furnished her with any opportunity of being serviceable, one

### 36 *GENEROSITY*

should then have seen, with what alacrity the grateful little Dolly did whatever she was set about.

One day, she came as she was us'd to do, into the garden, there to wait till Clementina should appear; but after having saunter'd up and down for twenty minutes, went away quite disappointed. She came back a second time, but did not *then* see Clementina. She return'd two days successively, at different times each day, but never could obtain a sight of Clementina.

Dolly was afflicted at the thought of having lost her benefactress.

What can be the matter, said poor Dolly to herself? can she have left off loving me? Have I offended her? I did not mean to do so, if I have. At

*TAUGHT PRUDENCE.* 37

least, if I were told in what, I'd beg  
her to forgive me ; for I cannot live,  
and not love Clementina.

By good luck, Miss Clementina's  
waiting-maid came down into the  
garden for a little minth and sage.  
The child observ'd her, went up  
boldly, and enqui'd with visible un-  
easiness while speaking, where Miss  
Clementina could be.

Clementina ! said the waiting wo-  
man. She has not perhaps another  
day to live. She's very ill. She has  
a bad small-pox.

A bad small-pox ! said Dolly : not  
another day to live ! O Heavens !  
I hope she will not die ; and saying  
this, ran up directly tow'rs the house,  
got in, and some how or another

38 *GENEROSITY*

found her way to Mrs. Montague's apartment. O for goodness' sake ! said Dolly, to the Lady, where's Miss Clementina? I *must* see her. Mrs. Montague would have replied to Dolly, but she saw the curtains in Miss Clementina's bed room thro' a door which happen'd to be then ajar, and in she flew to Clementina.

Clementina had a fever on her; she was quite alone and very low; for all her little friends had left her.

Dolly burst out into tears, got hold of Clementina's hand, which she affectionately kiss'd; and grasping it in her's, cry'd out, Don't die, my sweet young lady, I beseech you.—What would be my lot, were I to lose you? I will stay here with you; watch and

*TAUGHT PRUDENCE.* 39

wait upon you. Will you let me? Clementina squeez'd her hand by way of answer, giving her to understand, as well as she was able, how much pleasure her remaining there would give her.

Now then we must fancy Dolly, by consent of Mrs. Montague, become Miss Clementina's nurse. The little girl went through her new employment with astonishing address. She had a mattress laid to sleep on, by her mistress, and was always with her. At the slightest intimation Clementina gave of wanting any thing, the little Dolly would get up, and ask her what it was: and Clementina would receive from none but Dolly what the doctor order'd her to take. At one

time, Dolly would go out for rushes, and returning, sit beside the bed, and make the prettiest little baskets ever seen: and at another, ransack Mr. Montague's large library for books with pictures in them. Her imagination constantly was on the stretch to strike out methods of amusing her. About this time her eyes were first clos'd up, and so continu'd for a week: this interval the little lady would have thought extremely tedious, but the grateful Dolly had a thousand pretty stories to divert her; and besides, as she had made no little progress, in her book, in consequence of Clementina's having paid to get her taught, she read what she imagin'd was most likely

## TAUGHT PRUDENCE. 41

likely to divert her little mistress. Add to this, in praise of Dolly, that from time to time, she gave her much affecting and religious consolation likewise. Have a little patience, my dear lady, would she say, and God will take compassion on you, as you did on me. Here ending, she would weep; but drying instantly her eyes, go on as follows: Shall I entertain you with a pretty song? Her little mistress needed but to give a nod, and Dolly sung her every song the shepherd boys had taught her. Thus the time pass'd on, while, thanks to Dolly, Clementina did not find the hours hang very heavy on her hands.

At last she got her sight again, the

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pimples went away, her appetite returned, and she grew better every day.

Her face was still however very red; but Dolly gaz'd upon her with the greatest pleasure—greater, in proportion as she call'd to mind what danger there had been of losing her, and Clementina, on her side, contracted an increased degree of love for Dolly.

How, said she, shall I repay you, Dolly, as my heart informs me, your attention, love and friendship merit? She desired her good mama to mention how she might requite her faithful little nurse. Her good mama, whose transports at her Clementina's unexpected restoration from so dangerous a disorder, were not to be hidden,



**TAUGHT PRUDENCE. 43**

answer'd, Leave that care to me, I'll show how much we're both indebted to her.

Mrs. Montague, unknown to Dolly, forthwith order'd every thing should be got ready, proper for the cloathing of a poor man's daughter; meaning that the little Clementina too should put them on the child herself, as soon as the physician had declar'd she might with safety quit her chamber, and go down into the garden. When this day was come, it was a holiday for every person in the house; for Mrs. Montague and all the servants were unable to repress their transports at the little lady's safe recovery. Clementina was rejoic'd she had it in her

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power to recompense the faithful Dolly, and the faithful Dolly was as joyful, on beholding Clementina once again, where first of all she made so happy an acquaintance with her, and in looking at herself, dress'd out, completely as she was, from top to toe.

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**C H A R I T Y**  
**T W I C E B L E S S ' D .**

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**M**R. Hanway, coming home one morning from a ride about the country,—as he pass'd the church-yard palisadoes in a village, heard complainings, that he thought proceeded from within it. He had so compassionate a heart, he could not but desire to comfort the unhappy person. He alighted, bade the servant hold his

D

horse, and having clear'd the church-yard stile, look'd round to find the object that had thus excited his humanity. At last, he saw a boy about five years of age extended on the ground, and crying over (as he soon discover'd on approaching near the spot) a newly-fill'd up grave. He drew still nigher the unhappy infant, and with great affection said as follows:

What's the matter with you? and what brings you here, my little friend?

The CHILD.

I want my mammy: Yesterday they put her here to bed, and she is not got up.

**TWICE BLESS'D. 47**

**Mr. HANWAY.**

Poor little child ! because she's dead.

**The CHILD.**

Yes, so they say, but that's not true. She was so very well last Thursday, when she came and left me for a little while at neighbour Jones's house. She told me, she'd return and fetch me in an hour or two again, and yet she's not return'd. My daddy's gone away, and so too is my little brother. I have no one I can play with ; for the other children of the village won't speak to me.

**Mr. HANWAY.**

Won't speak to you ? and why not my child ?

## The CHILD.

I don't know why : but when I go among them, they make faces at me, or else run away and leave me by myself. They say too very wicked things about my daddy, which I can't help crying at. O mammy ! mammy ! when will you get up ?

Tears stood in Mr. Hanway's eyes at this affecting exclamation of the child.

## Mr. HANWAY.

You say, my little dear, your daddy and your brother both are gone away ; and whither, pray ?

## The CHILD.

I don't know where my daddy's gone ; but my brother yesterday was carried to another town, a great way

*TWICE BLESS'D.* 49

off. A gentleman in black came here to fetch him.

Mr. HANWAY.

Where then do you live, my little man?

The CHILD.

At neighbour Jones's. I'm to be there till my mammy comes to fetch me, as she promis'd. Jones, sir, is my other mammy, and I love her dearly, but my mammy that lies here, a great deal more.—Why mammy do you lie so long? Get up! get up!

Mr. HANWAY.

Poor little fellow! 'tis in vain you call her so: she'll never wake again.

The CHILD.

Well then, I'll lie and sleep here by her side. I saw them put her in

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a long black box. How cold and pale she was ! I'll lie and sleep here by her side.

The generous Mr. Hanway could no longer keep from bursting into tears. He stoop'd, took up the child and kiss'd him.

Mr. HANWAY.

What's your name, my little boy ?

The CHILD.

They call me Neddy, when I'm good ; but Edward, when I happen to be naughty.

Mr. Hanway smil'd amidst his tears on hearing this.

Mr. HANWAY.

My little Neddy, will you take me to your mammy Jones ?



*TWICE BLESS'D. 51*

*The CHILD.*

O yes, sir.

Neddy ran as nimbly as his little feet would bear him on, and Mr. Hanway follow'd, 'till they got to Jones's cottage.

Jones was not surpriz'd a little when she saw our gentleman approach her dwelling, and come in, preceded by the child, who pointed to her with his finger, and then hid his head as usual in her lap. This here, sir, is my other mammy, said the child. His other mammy knew not what to make of such an unexpected visit. Mr. Hanway did not leave her long in doubt, but mentioned in how sad a situation he had found the little boy, express'd with what compassion he had heard

the few particulars already told him, and requested her to let him know the history at large of Neddy's parents.

Jones presented him a chair beside her, and immediately began the sorrowful narration.

“ You must know, this poor child's father was a shoe-maker, and liv'd next door; a very honest, sober, diligent, good-looking man. His wife was rather pretty, but extremely weak in constitution; diligent however, and a great œconomist. They had been nearly eight years man and wife, sincerely lov'd each other, and would certainly have been the happiest couple living, had their circumstances been a little better. Watkins had

*TWICE BLESS'D.* 53

his business only to depend upon, and Alice, when they married, brought him but a very little money, not above eight guineas, which were all she had been able to lay by, while servant to the worthy vicar of a parish nearly nine miles off. This little money was employ'd to buy a bed, some household furniture, and leather for the husband. Notwithstanding all their poverty, they made a shift the two or three first years to get a tolerable livelihood by dint of labour and frugality. But there were children now, and that began to incommode them. Yet they still would certainly have master'd all their difficulties, if misfortunes had not happen'd to them both. The unhappy Alice, who

would never cease to work from day to day all summer, with a view of carrying home a little money to her husband, through fatigue was taken ill one harvest time, and so continu'd till the end of the succeeding winter. Doctor's stuff was dear, on one hand, and the husband's business went on very poorly, as his customers insensibly forsook him, fearing they should be but badly us'd, by one who had a poor sick wife to nurse and feed. At last however, Alice got quite well, but did not find her husband's business what it had been. They were forc'd to borrow money for the doctor. Watkins now was absolutely at a stand for work, for not a customer came near him, and his wife could get no money,

*TWICE BLESS'D. 55*

as her strength was gone, and no one would employ her as before. Besides the sum they ow'd for rent, and interest on the money borrow'd, overwhelm'd them. They were more than once reduc'd to go for days together almost without victuals, and conceiv'd themselves quite happy when they had it in their power to give the little ones a bit of bread, and nothing else.

At these sad words, poor Neddy got into a corner, and again began to cry.

At this time too it happen'd, that the cruel-hearted man, their landlord, finding them incapable to pay their two last quarters, threaten'd Watkins with imprisonment. They earnestly

besought his patience till next harvest, as for certain then, they should get work enough; but neither their entreaties, nor their tears affected him, although he passes for the richest farmer in the village. All he could be brought to grant them, was a month's forbearance, after which he positively swore, if he should not be paid in full, he would immediately seize all their goods, and clap poor Watkins up in prison. There was nothing now in these afflicted people's habitation but a scene of sorrow, deep enough, one would have thought, to move a rock. You may believe me, sir, when I declare, my heart was rent within me, to behold my worthy neighbours situated thus, and not be able so

TWICE BLESS'D. 57

assist them. Once I went myself to beg  
 their cruel landlord would have pity  
 on their poverty. I told him, for the  
 payment of his rent at harvest, I would  
 pledge my cottage, which was all I  
 had, if he requir'd it, but in vain :  
 You are as great a beggar, was his an-  
 swer, as your neighbours are, and this  
 is all we get by sheltering such a nest  
 of vagabonds. Ah, sir! (*here Mr.  
 Hanway saw tears trickle down poor  
 Jones's cheeks*) I bore this taunt with  
 patience, fearing I might otherwise  
 incense him more against poor Watkins;  
 but you cannot tell, how much I suf-  
 fered in the thought, that being, as  
 I am, a friendless widow, 'twas im-  
 possible for me to help this honest

couple. How much good might not the wealthy do, if they possess'd the disposition poorer people often have? — But not to leave my subject, I advis'd the unhappy Alice to make known her situation to the worthy Vicar, in whose family she had been servant, as I think I told you, with so good a character, and pray him to advance her some small trifle. She replied, she certainly would speak about it to her husband, but could hardly bring herself to follow my advice, because the Vicar might imagine their distress was owing to improper conduct. Three days since, she brought me, as she often us'd to do, her children, begging I would keep them for her till the evening. She was going



TWICE BLESS'D. 59

to a neighbouring village, where a weaver liv'd, who possibly might let her have some flax to spin, in which case she would pay the landlord his demand. She could not (she continu'd) face the Vicar; but her husband was to do it for her, and that very morning had set out. I undertook to keep the children with me, as I lov'd them, and was present at their birth. At parting, Alice clasp'd and kiss'd them, just as if they never were again to see each other. *That* I could not but take notice of, and think I still behold her. She shed many tears, and bid the eldest here not cry, as she would soon be back and take him home. She held me out her hand,

60 C H A R I T Y

return'd me thanks for taking so much trouble on me, once more kiss'd the children, and went out.

Some short time after this, I heard a noise, as I imagin'd, in her house; but fancying her set out, I thought no further of it. I suppos'd it was a fagot that had tumbled down upon the floor, for want of being plac'd upright against the wall, and therefore was not in the least alarm'd. The evening came however; after, night; and yet no Alice. Upon this, I thought I'd go and see if she were not come home. The door I found stood open. O said I, she's now return'd, and just gone in to put her flax bag down, and in a moment will come out to fetch her children home. I en-

TWICE BLESS'D. 61

ter'd notwithstanding, and as Alice was not to be found below, ascended: but O heavens! how it afflicted me, to see poor Alice stretch'd stone dead, upon the brick work, by a ladder. I remain'd myself insensible; for at the sight, my blood ran cold. I knew not what I had to do. At last, when I had put forth all my strength, to lift her from the ground without succeeding, I ran out to fetch a surgeon, who arriving, felt her pulse, and seeing there was nothing he could do, gave information to the *crowner*. When the crowner's jury were assembled, they consider'd how she could have got her death, and after inquisition, thought she must have dropt down dead upon

the spot, or fainted and expir'd for want of some assistance.

I, for my part, could have told the jury how it happen'd, but they would not hear me. She had gone into the loft to fetch a bag, which she might put the flax in, when the weaver gave it her, and as her eyes were still obscur'd with tears, she had not seen to put her foot down properly upon the ladder, when she left the loft, and so had tumbled headlong on the floor. Her bag was by her, and that circumstance confirm'd the matter. Yet the crowner fancied otherwise, and sign'd a warrant to inter the body next day early, and without the least degree of ceremony, in a corner of the burying-ground; directing like-

*TWICE BLESS'D. 63*

wife, that the husband should be sought for thro' the county. I proposed to keep the children; for how ever destitute I am, and find it difficult to live, I said within myself, God knows, I am but a poor widow, therefore if he gives me children to maintain, his providence will likewise give me wherewithal to feed and cloath them. 'Twas not long I had the youngest to take care of. Yesterday, almost as soon as they had buried Alice, came the vicar she had liv'd with, as I said before, to see her, not as having heard about her, but by accident. He knock'd some little time, but seeing no one come to let him in, he came up to my window,

and requested I would tell him if I knew where Alice Watkins might be gone and all her family, that every thing appeared so silent in the house? I answered if he'd take the trouble to come in, I had a story of some length to tell him. He consented, entered and sat down here, just where you are now. I told him every thing: he could not keep from tears. I gave him then to understand, poor Watkins had resolved to have recourse to him for some assistance in his wretched situation. He was much surprised, and said he had not seen or heard a word about him. Both the children being present, he embrac'd and kiss'd them very kindly, and poor Neddy ask'd him if he could not wake his

*TWICE BLESS'D.* 65

mammy, who had slept he said so long. At this affecting question, tears came once again into the worthy vicar's eyes, and he began as far as I can recollect as follows. My good woman, I will send to-morrow for these two poor children to my house. If Watkins should return in future, he shall have them when he pleases, and till then, I'll have an eye to their instruction. This by no means pleas'd me; for I love the little innocents as much as if I were their mother, and 'twould grieve me, should I lose them; so I said, Sir, may it not offend your reverence if I cannot give you my consent to lose these children. I have long been us'd to see them, and they me. Well, well then, said the

gentleman, I'll take but one, and leave the other, as in truth he cannot but be taken care of. He must be entirely at your own expence, if you resolve to keep him, as I cannot possibly afford to pay for what, if I should take him home, would cost me nothing in my family. I could not any how refuse the worthy vicar this, on which he ask'd of Neddy, whether he should like to go with him: what, there, said Neddy, pointing with his finger, where they've put my mammy? Oh yes, yes, with all my heart. Not there, replied the gentleman, but to my pretty house and garden. No, said Neddy, leave me here, and every day I'll go and call my mammy.



TWICE BLESS'D. 67

like that much better than your pretty house and garden. The good Vicar would not teaze him any longer, and indeed by this time, he was got behind the curtain, I suppose, to hide himself. So getting up, he told me he would take the youngest with him, who he thought must incommode me more a great deal than the eldest. This is all, Sir, I've to tell you of poor Neddy's parents. What at present grieves me very much is this: that Watkins seems by not returning to be gone away for *good*, and that the parish officers report, he's now turn'd smuggler, and his wife has kill'd herself for grief. These lies have run thro' all the village, so that not a child is to be met with, but what has

them in his mouth, and when poor Neddy seeks to have their company, they hoot and beat him. He is therefore in despair, and only now goes out to visit his dear mammy's grave."

The generous Mr. Hanway had till now been listening with profound attention, and was greatly mov'd at Jones's story. Neddy was again got near her, and from time to time look'd up and call'd her Mammy, when at last her visitor began as follows :

My good woman, you have acted very nobly to this friendless family, and God will certainly reward you for it.

JONES.

I have only done my duty. To what end has Providence thought fit

**TWICE BLESS'D. 69**

to place us here, except to aid and comfort one another? it has always been my firm opinion, I could never please God more for all the blessings he bestows upon me than by doing good, as far as I am able, to my neighbours in distress. I wish I could do more; but I have nothing but my cottage, with a little garden as you see, Sir, where I grow my herbs, and what I earn by daily labour. Notwithstanding which, these eight years past, that I have been a widow, God has always well provided for me, and I trust, he will in future likewise do so.

**Mr. HANWAY.**

But, my dear good woman, if you keep this poor child with you, the

expence he puts you to for victuals, till he's capable of earning a subsistence for himself, will be a burthen to you.

JONES.

By God's blessing I'll take care to have enough for him. We'll share with one another the last bit of bread I can procure.

Mr. HANWAY.

But how will you contrive to buy him cloaths?

JONES.

I've fingers, Sir, to sew and spin, and I'll employ them carefully to cover him. And then too, haven't I a sure support in *him* that cloathes the fields with herbage, and the trees with leaves? As long as I can work, and

*TWICE BLESS'D. 71*

am dispos'd to pray, I shall not want  
for any necessary thing.

Mr. HANWAY.

You are resolv'd then, I suppose,  
to keep this orphan with you?

JONES.

Always, always, Sir; I cannot bear  
the thought of even sending him to be  
supported at the work-house, where I  
might have daily opportunities of seeing  
him: And much less then, could I  
consent to give him up for ever to the  
worthy gentleman, who would, I'm  
sure, have well provided for him while  
he liv'd himself. But who can tell,  
alas! how soon he might be taken  
from them? This excuses me, I  
think, for wishing as I do to have  
him always with me, though he

will not, for the present, fare as well as with the vicar. Yet it matters not what sort of food he has, if it be only whole some. Such he'll have with me, and when grown up, possess sufficient strength to labour for his livelihood, which is as much as he could hope for elsewhere.

Mr. HANWAY.

As I take it, you're related to the family?

JONES.

No otherwise than by religion and our former neighbourhood.

Mr. HANWAY.

And I, good woman am related both to you and them, by what religion

*TWICE BLESS'D.* 73

ligion and humanity inspires, and therefore cannot suffer you should have the honour to yourself of doing good to this poor child, when Providence has furnish'd me with so much greater means. Confide your Neddy's maintenance and education to my care: and since he's so accusom'd to you, and yourself deserve whatever his attachment to his other mammy, as he calls you, prompts me to perform in his behalf, I'll take you both into my house. Dispose as soon as you are able of your cottage, and then come to me. You shall have food and raiment the remainder of your life, entirely at my cost.

**VOL. III.**

**F**

JONES (*in tears.*)

O, Sir! am I awake or in a dream?  
And yet pray be not angry with me.  
God will certainly reward such charity.  
But as for me, I cannot possibly  
accept your offer.

Mr. HANWAY.

And why not?

JONES.

Because, Sir, in the first place, I  
have been accusom'd for a long time  
to the cottage I was born in; and be-  
sides, because I could not bring myself to  
bear the bustle of a house, as yours,  
fancy, must be, and the sight of such a  
number of fine people as are in it. I was  
never us'd to inactivity, or high-fauc'd  
food, and I should certainly be taken  
ill, if I had nothing in the world to



*TWICE BLESS'D.* 75

do, or better things to eat than I have hitherto been us'd to. Let me therefore stay, Sir, in my cottage; I, and little Neddy. He'll not be the worse in future, tho' he lives at present rather coarsely. And as God has put it in your heart to pity him, if you will send me every month or quarter, just as much as will suffice to have him taught at school, and when he comes of age to labour for his own subsistence, buy the tools it may appear he wants, God will not fail to pay you for such charity, a hundred-fold again. At least, Sir, I and Neddy will beseech him so to do at night and morning. I've lost all my children. Neddy shall supply their place, and

have the little I possess, whenever it shall please the Lord to take me to himself.

Mr. HANWAY.

I'm satisfied. I would not have my benefits distress you, and shall therefore give up Neddy, since his presence makes you happy, and you love him so. Speak often of me, and inform him, for the time to come, I'll be a father to him. While on your part you assume the cares and title of that mother he laments so much, I'll send you every month the money necessary for his schooling, clothes, and food, which will prevent your charity, which you design should be a blessing to the child, from being burthensome to you. I'll often come to see

*TWICE BLESS'D. 77*

him, and my visit shall be no less meant for you than him.

The grateful Jones could not refrain from lifting up her eyes to heaven, and catching hold of Mr. Hanway's hand to kiss it. After which, she turn'd tow'rds Neddy, bidding him draw near and thank the gentleman, who meant to be his father.

What, my daddy? said the child.

Yes, love, your daddy; answered Jones.

But how can that be, interrupted Neddy, since you see he has not got a leather apron?

Mr. Hanway smil'd at such a child-like question, and threw down his purse upon the table. Fare you well,

good mother, were his words, when he departed. Fare you well, my little boy, I'll see you soon again. On this, he went to where the servant waited with his horse, and took his road directly to the worthy vicar's house.

He found the vicar taken up in the perusal of a letter, upon which, as Mr. Hanway soon discover'd, he had dropt some tears; of which the marks remain'd upon the paper. When their first civilities were over, Mr. Hanway told the worthy pastor what had brought him thither, and desired to know, if he could give him any tidings of the children's father.

Sir, replied the vicar, 'tis not half an hour ago that I receiv'd this letter,

*TWICE BLESS'D. 79*

written from him to his wife. It is address'd to me, together with this sum of money, (said the vicar showing Mr. Hanway several guineas in a parcel) and he begs me, in a line or two upon the cover, to deliver both the letter and the money to his dearest Alice, and console her in his absence. As his wife is dead, I broke the letter open. Here it is. Be pleased to read it. Mr. Hanway took the letter, eager to know what he said, and read as follows:

“DEAREST WIFE,

I cannot think without the greatest sorrow how much pain my absence must have caused you. But be griev'd no longer, when you've read my

80 C H A R I T Y

letter, that informs you what has hap-  
pen'd to me. I was going forward  
on my journey towards the vicar's,  
when I argued with myself as follows :  
Watkins, what advantage can you find  
in turning beggar thus ? you will but  
free yourself from one man's debt to  
fall into another's, and be still uneasy  
in reflecting how you are at last to  
pay it. You, that yet are young,  
and capable of working, to go thus  
soliciting so great a sum of money !  
What will you be taken for, except  
a worthless fellow ? Recollect, the  
vicar married you, and has at heart,  
'tis true, your welfare ; but suppose  
he should refuse you his assistance, or  
want power to give you any, for who  
knows his real circumstances, what

*TWICE BLESS'D. 81*

then follows? And besides, should he advance you for a year or so, the sum you stand in need of, are you certain when the time comes round, to pay it? and admit you do not pay it, won't he think you little better than a thief, and say you've trick'd him out of so much money? Thus, my dearest Alice, did I argue, as I went along, and turn'd my thoughts upon the means of ending all my difficulties in a way more reputable, saying many a prayer to God. At last, there came a thought into my head. I'm young, I said, and stout, and hearty; where would be the harm of going for a foldier? I can list for half-a-dozen years or thereabouts; I read, and write, and

cast accounts, and shall perhaps be able with this knowledge, which few soldiers have, to make my wife and children's fortune, or at least be cleared of what I owe; and every thing I save above a bare subsistence, I can send my lovely Alice. For an hour or so, I ruminated on this business; when I saw two soldiers coming on behind me. As I slack'd my pace, they quickly join'd me. Comrade, they began, how goes it? asking whence I came, and whither I was going, and concluded with the usual question, Should I like to serve the King? At first, I made as if I did not much approve of their profession. They, however, went on teasing me to enter, with the promise of a ten

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*TWICE BLESS'D.* 83

pound bounty. Upon which I told them, that on such conditions I would list for half a dozen years, but not a minute longer. Done, said they, so come along with us. They took me to a Captain of Recruits and measur'd me. My stature pleas'd him, and he ask'd, if I could write, and count? to which, I answer'd yes: and instantly he paid me down the sum agreed upon; and thus, my dearest wife, I'm now become a soldier to conclude our troubles: so I send you all the money, out of which, I would not keep a farthing. Pay immediately the rent you owe, together with the interest on it, and employ what's left to keep you and the children, you know how. Eat heartily, that you may get your

strength again. Buy both our little ones some cloaths, and let them go to school. I know, my dear, how diligent you are, and clever; yet, I know as well, this small relief I send you, will go no great way; but patience! I shall have a pay of sixpence daily; and will try, if every day cannot some how or another lay up two-pence, or at least a penny, which I'll send you monthly. I'll obtain a furlough soon, if they'll but give me, and come and see you; so my sweetest Alice, do not grieve yourself, but trust in God; for half-a-dozen years will soon be gone; and I shall then return quite happy, and have wherewithal, I hope to set up once more in my business, with this great advan-

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*TWICE BLESS'D.* 85

age, that by virtue of my service  
(which perhaps you do not know) I  
shall be free of every city in the  
kingdom. Educate our children to  
the best of your ability, and never let  
them run about the street; but al-  
ways have some work or other. Every  
night and morning see they say their  
prayers, and tell them many things of  
God, who blesses such as show them-  
selves good children. You are quali-  
fied to teach them many useful things.  
Fear God yourself; pray for your  
husband's welfare, and your husband  
will on his part pray for yours. Write  
me an answer to this letter quickly.  
You need only give it to the worthy  
vicar; he will get it sent to me.  
Kiss both our children, and tell Neddy

if I hear he's good, I'll bring him something home, when I return. God's providence be prais'd for all things! Love me ever, and assure yourself I shall be always

Your most faithful husband,

THOMAS WATKINS.

Mr. Hanway's eyes were full of tears, while he was reading this pathetic letter, and when come to the conclusion, he address'd the vicar, saying, Here is a good husband, a kind father, and an honest man. It cannot but afford one real pleasure to describe such a character the least degree of good. I'll buy poor Watkins his discharge. I'll pay his debts, and give him wherewithal to set up in his trade again. The bounty money

*TWICE BLESS'D. 87*

my good fir, if you think proper, shall remain with you, to be divided equally between the children, when they want it most; for surely it has cost their father very dear. Preserve it for them, and speak often of your trust, as being in itself the strongest token of a father's love. I met this morning accidentally with Neddy; and his future life, in which I interest my self, shall show how much I wish to be a party in this sacred trust.

The worthy curate was so much oppress'd, he could not answer Mr. Hanway, who conceiv'd the energetic meaning of his silence, squeez'd him by the hand, and then took leave. His generous purposes respecting

Watkins, every one took place ; and  
~~Watkins~~, happy now in the enjoyment  
 of that ease he never knew before,  
 would be the happiest of mankind,  
 but for the painful recollection now  
 and then of his beloved Alice. He  
 enjoys no consolation equal to com-  
 panionship with Jones : This worthy  
 woman thinks herself his sister, and  
 brings up his children with no less  
 affection than their mother would,  
 had she been living. Edward never  
 lets a day pass by him, without going  
 to his mother's grave, and has so well  
 avail'd himself of Mr. Hanway's suc-  
 cour, that this generous gentleman  
 has views of settling him to great ad-  
 vantage in the capital, and he has

show

*TWICE BLESS'D. 89*

shown his younger brother no less  
tendernefs. He never mounts his  
horse but his affecting interview with  
Neddy, with his other mammy, and  
the worthy vicar comes to his remem-  
brance. When he meets with any  
worldly difappointments, cares or for-  
rows, 'tis a remedy that he can go  
and fee a family his charity has made  
fo happy; for the bleffing of three  
fouls that would have otherwife moft  
likely perifh'd, falls upon him.

**Vol. III.**

**G**



T H E  
H A Y - M A K E R S  
O N T H E L A D D E R.

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**M**R. Piercy, walking out one afternoon into the fields with Algernon his little son, they stopp'd as they were passing thro' a field, in which about a dozen men were making up a hay stack, and had carried it by this time tolerably high.

As Algernon remark'd, these men were got upon a ladder, one above the

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*The HAYMAKERS, &c.* 91

other, and employed in lifting up alternately and letting fall their arms, the scene excited instantly his curiosity to know the meaning of it. See Papa, said he: What sort of game is that? there are no less than three, four, five—five men a-top of one another playing at it.

They drew near the hay-stack, where young Piercy gazing on these merry-makers as he thought they were, observed among them one who stuck a fork into the hay that fill'd a cart he stood in, and which cart was drawn up close beside the stack, and gave it to another standing half way up a ladder, with his back against it. This next labourer having got the fork, to-

gether with the hay upon it, raised his arms above his head, and gave it to another, standing higher up the ladder; and this third man also pass'd it to a fourth, by doing just as he had done who stood below him; and by these means, was the hay got up as high as they desired it, namely to the top, on which another man was ready to receive and spread it evenly upon the surface.

Well, said Mr. Piercy to his son, what think you of this game, as you suppos'd it just this moment? You observe, however Algernon, 'tis nothing like a game; but on the other hand hard labour: they are making up a hay stack: but pray tell me, why should such a number be employed upon the

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same affair? Don't you imagine 'twould be better one man only should be set about it, and the rest make every one a hay-stack?

Truly, so I think, said Algernon: and the advantage of it would be this, that we should have more hay-stacks than by many, than at present.

Did you think before you made this speech? replies the father; do you know how many men of different businesses must be employed, before so fine a stack as this can be compleated? 'Twould be needful, in the first place, if your plan should be adopted, that a single man should learn perhaps five hundred different businesses; for hay supposes grass that grows on cul-

94 *The* HAYMAKERS

tivated ground; and in the cultivation of a farm, you know I fancy, many hands must be concern'd. Of course, your single man would have to give up his whole life to the attainment of those businesses, before he could begin the hay-stack.

But supposing, in the next place, he could possibly attain them in a very little time, let us imagine him alone and unassisted mowing down his grass, and carting it, when dry, to where he means to have his hay-stack. See him full of industry bring out his ladder, mount it with a little hay, come down for more, and when he has once made his hay-stack of a proper size, proceed to thatch it. But ac-

ON THE LADDER. 95

according to this way of ordering matters, in what time, do you suppose, he will have done his business?

ALGERNON.

Ah, I see now it would take him a great length of time indeed, if ever he could hope to do it.

Mr. PIERCY.

Algernon, you're in the right; and 'tis the same in every labour of society. If any one should separate himself from other men, and study his own benefit alone, when fearing others would require of him the least assistance, he should wave the advantages of their assistance, he would wear away his strength and constitution in whatever he should undertake, and

very quickly be compell'd to give it up. Whereas when men assist each other, they compleat the most embarrassing and painful enterprizes, in a very little time, and which an individual would discover his whole life too short for.

'Tis the same too in the pleasures and enjoyments of this world. Whoever would be happy in himself alone, would find he must be often, very often disappointed; but where many join together for the happiness of one another, every individual has his portion in it.

You are destin'd for society, my Algernon. Let then the example of these simple people always be remembered. You discern how much they shorten and facilitate their labour, by

ON THE LADDER. 97

the mutual aid they give each other. In a day or two I'll bring you this way once again, and you will see their stack compleatly covered in. Endeavour therefore, upon all occasions, to promote the benefit of others, if you wish they should promote on all occasions your's.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the original French, Hector has a sword given him on his birth-day, it being a custom in France for children to wear one very early : the Translator therefore has been obliged to deviate from the original in that particular, as the reader will observe at the very outset of the Drama.

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THE  
S W O R D.

*A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.*

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## CHARACTERS.

EARL BOUNTIFUL.

HECTOR, *his son.*

EVELINA, *his daughter.*

The two RUSSELS, } *acquaintances of*  
The two JOHNSONS, } *Hector.*

JARVIS, *my Lord's Servant.*

*The scene is an apartment at Lord  
Bountiful's in London.*

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**T H E**  
**S W O R D.**

---

**A C T I.**

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**S C E N E I.**

**HECTOR.**

'TIS then my birth-day, is it?  
Had not my Papa made mention of  
it, 'twould have slipt me quite. But  
what may I expect? for I have al-  
ways had a present from him on my

birth-day. Let me think a little. What will he most likely give me? When my brother went to sea, they put him on a sword, and ever since I've teaz'd Papa to let me likewise have one; but his answer has been always; I'm too little, tho' in France, when I was there with my Mama, I saw young gentlemen, as little certainly as I am, wear one. Oh, if I might have a sword, I'd do—I don't know what I'd do—but no; I must not hope it. So no more of that, at least till I am seven or eight years older. In the mean time, let me think of this day's present. I can't give a guess at what it will be; for Papa has never dropt a syllable about it, which he

*T H E S W O R D.* 103

always used to do before my other birth-days. Jarvis, I could see, this morning brought in something carefully conceal'd, at least I thought so, under his furtout; and when he went into Papa's apartment, would not let me enter with him. Had it been in any other place, I'd soon have made him show me what he had, by force, if fair means would not have succeeded; that I would. But hift! for here comes my Papa, and I shall now know every thing.

SCENE II.

HECTOR, Lord BOUNTIFUL, (*with a sword and belt.*)

Lord BOUNTIFUL.

HO, ho, you're here! Well, Hector, I have had the pleasure to inform you 'tis your birth-day; but I fancy that you'll hardly think sufficient.

HECTOR.

Why, Papa—but pray what's that you've brought in with you?

Lord BOUNTIFUL.

Something that won't much become you, I believe.—A sword, as you may see.

HECTOR.

HECTOR.

The very thing I wanted!—Give  
give give it me, Papa. I'll be so di-  
ligent and dutiful in future!—

LORD BOUNTIFUL.

Recollect, I give it you in conse-  
quence of your repeated wishes to have  
one. You should however have be-  
thought yourself, how much a sword  
became your brother, who was going  
out to fight his country's enemies,  
while you've no use for such an in-  
strument: however, to indulge you,  
take it: but I hope, you know a sword  
is proper only for a man, and now you  
wear one, are resolved to be a child  
no longer, but conduct yourself with  
decency and order. In a word I hope

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106 THE SWORD.

too you're aware 'tis not the sword that must adorn the man, but, on the other hand, the man that should set off his sword.

HECTOR.

Yes, yes, Papa; I know all that, and I shall set off mine, I warrant you; for now that you have made me such a charming present, I'll soon let those little fellows—

LORD BOUNTIFUL.

Little fellows! Hector: and who pray are those?

HECTOR.

Why, who Papa but such as were not born to wear a sword, and are no noble like myself?

LORD BOUNTIFUL.

For my part, Hector, none are in my notion, little, saving those who



think amiss, that is unworthily; and act no better, who are disobedient to their parents, and uncivil to their equals in the world. I cannot therefore but see many little fellows among those call'd noble, and much true nobility in those you fancy little fellows.

HECTOR.

Yes, and so I think, Papa.

LORD BOUNTIFUL.

Why therefore did you just now talk of being born to wear a sword, as if you thought nobility consists in having such a wretched badge to be distinguished by, and nothing else. A sword indeed may point out one peculiar class of men, from other classes, since 'tis necessary something

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should do so. But then, the most exalted station serves but to disgrace much more conspicuously, the man who shows himself unworthy of appearing in it.

HECTOR.

So I take it likewise ; but Papa, to have a sword and wear it surely can be no disgrace.

LORD BOUNTIFUL.

No no : I only mean to say, that when you are entitled to put on a sword, you will be worthy of it, only by a proper conduct on your part. So take it, but remember—

HECTOR.

Yes, yes ; you shall see Papa.

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(he tries to buckle on his sword; but being awkward at it, is assisted by his father.)

LORD BOUNTIFUL.

There.—Turn about.—Well truly, I must say, it does not so much misbecome you!

HECTOR.

Oh, for my part, I was sure it would not.

LORD BOUNTIFUL.

'Tis the thing itself!—And yet forget not what I've told you, Hector. So good bye, (*he turns to go away, but instantly comes back.*) But apropos; I sent the coach an hour ago into the city for your little friends, to come and pass the day with you.

110 THE SWORD.

They'll very soon be here; so treat them as you ought. (*he goes out,*)

HECTOR.

I will, papa.

(*He struts to and fro with a deal of gravity, and every now and then looks behind him, to see if the sword hangs well.*)

Good! very good! I'm now a gentleman indeed, and look as if I were so. Let these cits then come as soon as they think fit. Stand off, unless you wear a sword; that's now my motto; but suppose they take it ill. Why let 'em then revenge it, if they dare. In France, I saw, young gentlemen despise the *Burjoy*, as they call 'em there, and I'll despise them too.—But hold! let's see what kind of blade

**T H E   S W O R D.   III**

we've got. (*He draws his sword, and pushes at the wainscot with it*). Ah! ah! is't so, my little cit! You're faucy, are you! One, two, three.— Avoid the room or—Fire and fury!

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**S C E N E   III.**

**HECTOR. EVELINA.**

**EVELINA** (*after having heard her brother's menaces.*)

**W**HAT now brother, are you mad?

**HECTOR.**

O, ho; is't you then?

**H 4**

EVELINA.

Yes, as you may see ; but why that weapon in your hand thus, brother ?

HECTOR.

Why this weapon in my hand ! and why is it in any gentleman's ?

EVELINA.

But who will you dispatch into the other world ?

HECTOR.

The first that takes it in his head to cross my way.

EVELINA.

Then there are many lives in danger ; and suppose by accident it should be me,

HECTOR.

Suppose it should be you ! why fegs I would not recommend it shou.d.—

T H E S W O R D. 113

You see, I've now a sword, and 'tis  
Papa's own gift.

EVELINA.

He gave it you, I'm sure, to kill as  
many, right or wrong, as you thought  
proper, didn't he?

HECTOR.

Why, am not I a gentleman? let  
any one refuse me therefore the re-  
spect I have a right to—what then  
follows but a box upon the ear? and  
if our cits from Thames-street, that  
Papa has sent the coach for, take upon  
them—*Thrust's the word. (He offers  
to draw.)*

EVELINA.

For Heaven's sake, brother, let your  
sword alone; and rather tell me, lest  
unwillingly I should offend your migh-

tiness, what that respect is you lay claim to?

HECTOR.

That I'll let you see immediately. Papa, I said just now, has sent to fetch my company from Thames-street.—You know who.—Well, should the cits behave with disrespect before me, you shall see how I'll conduct myself.

EVELINA.

But, what I ask is, how are we to act, if we would not behave with disrespect before you?

HECTOR.

In the first place then, I'll have a bow from every one that enters.—Yes, a very low one.



THE SWORD. 115

EVELINA (*making him a curtesy.*)

Your most humble servant, brother.

Is that proper?

HECTOR.

Come, no joking, sister, I beseech you; otherwise—

EVELINA.

But this becomes too serious, I assure you. 'Tis our duty, I acknowledge to behave respectfully to such as are respectable; and therefore you had best inform your company, when they arrive, of what you look for.

HECTOR.

O don't you be troubled upon that account; for you shall see how I'll receive these gentry; jostle them together, pull one's ears, and pinch another.

116 *THE SWORD.*

EVELINA.

Why else, pray, are you a gentleman? but should these gentry not be pleas'd with such a cavalier reception, and return our gentleman, a good found box or two?

HECTOR.

As if you did not know they're nothing but a pack of cits, without a heart or courage in them.

EVELINA.

Well, Papa, I see, cou'd not have given you any present half so proper. He discover'd what a worthy gentleman his son was, tho' disguis'd a little, and discern'd that nothing but a sword was requisite to bring out all your merit.

HECTOR.

Well, but hark ye, sister, 'tis you

*T H E   S W O R D .* 117

know my birth-day ; and a little mirth will please us both : so don't say any thing about it to Papa.

EVELINA.

But why ? He would not surely have bestow'd a sword upon you, if he had not wish'd to hear of some exploit his new-dubb'd gentleman would be concern'd in. Did he recommend you any other conduct ?

HECTOR.

Yes, indeed ; for as you know he's always preaching to me.

EVELINA.

Well, and pray what sort of preaching was it ?

HECTOR.

I can hardly tell you ; but one sentence in it I remember : that a

118 THE SWORD.

sword should not adorn the man, but on the other hand, the man set off his sword.

EVELINA.

And you have understood his meaning admirably. To set off one's sword, must be to know its use, which you already show you do.

HECTOR.

Well, sister, I can see you mean to banter me; but have a care.—

EVELINA.

I comprehend what you would mean: but do you know your sword wants something absolutely necessary for it.

HECTOR.

And what's that? (*he undoes his belt, and carefully examines it*)

thing about the sword) I don't see any thing it wants.

EVELINA.

A very pretty gentleman indeed, and have no better judgment! well, what say you to a knot? How much would not a blue and silver knot become the hilt!

HECTOR.

You're in the right, good girl: and luckily, you've got yourself, a store of ribbands: so d'ye hear me—

EVELINA.

I was thinking to oblige you, on condition you'd not run me through the body, out of gratitude when I had done it.

HECTOR.

What a simpleton!—Shake hands.

120 THE SWORD.

—You need not fear me: so quick quick! a handsome sword-knot! When my gentry from the city wait upon me, I should like to be in all my glory.

EVELINA.

Let me have it then.

HECTOR (*giving her the sword.*)

Here sister.—Be as expeditious as you can. When done, you'll put it on the table in my room, that I may have it at a minute's notice.

EVELINA.

Very well, I hear you.

JARVIS (*entering.*)

The two Master Ruffels, and two other gentlemen, are come and in the parlour.

HECTOR.

HECTOR.

Well, I fancy they've their legs, and can come up? or would they have me wait upon them at the bottom of the stairs?

JARVIS.

My lady bade me tell you to come down and join them.

HECTOR.

No; it suits me better to receive them where I am.

EVELINA.

But Hector, if Mama would have you go down stairs and show them up?

HECTOR.

It's well worth while indeed, on their account to make this fuss! If I

122. THE SWORD.

must go, I must ; so say I'm coming presently. (*Jarvis goes out*) And what too have you here to do ? Have you forgot my sword-knot ? Go, and when you've finish'd, leave it on the table : Do you hear me ?

EVELINA (*alone.*)

Mighty pretty, Mr. Insolence ! with what a tone he speaks ! However, by good fortune I've the sword. It would have been ill plac'd in such a testy little fellow's hands.—Yes, wait till I return it you again, and you'll wait long enough ! Papa, I fancy does not know you quite so well as I do : so, I'll run and tell him every thing. But don't I see he's coming ? Yes indeed, 'tis he.



SCENE IV.

EVELINA. Lord BOUNTIFUL.

EVELINA.

YOU are here quite a-propos, Papa; for I was going to ask Jarvis where you were.

Lord BOUNTIFUL.

And what have you to say then? Why have you your brother's sword there, in your hand?

EVELINA.

I promis'd I would put a handsome knot of blue and silver to it; but my sole intention was, to get so dangerous

124 *THE SWORD.*

a weapon from him. Pray don't give it him again.

LORD BOUNTIFUL.

And why should I resume the present I have made him?

EVELINA.

Have at least the goodness to retain it till he's grown less turbulent. I found him just this moment pushing at the wainscot, like a perfect Quixote, and he threatens, his first feat of arms shall be against the little folks you've sent for out of Thames-street, to be with him, and who now are come and in the parlour.

LORD BOUNTIFUL.

Is it possible! if he designs to play the bully with my present, it will not

*THE SWORD.* 125

be I assure him to his honour. Let me therefore have the sword.

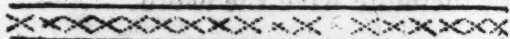
EVELINA.

He's gone down stairs to join his company, and will be quickly up again.

LORD BOUNTIFUL.

He must not see us here ; so run you Evelina, and make up the knot. When finish'd, let me have it. I have hit upon a scheme, and you shall see how well I'll order matters ! I don't hear him coming up yet ; so suppose he's chattering in the parlour with his guests. The better that for us ; however we've no time to lose.

I 3



## A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

HECTOR, the two RUSSELS, and two JOHNSONS. (*Hector with his bat on comes in first: the others walk behind him, having taken off their bats.*)

The elder JOHNSON (*whispering, as he enters, to the elder Russel.*)

ON my word, a mighty pretty manner of reception?

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The elder RUSSEL (*in a whisper also  
to the elder Johnson.*)

It must surely be the fashion now-  
a-days to come before one's company  
into the room, and cover'd likewise.

HECTOR.

How! what's that you whisper to  
each other?

The elder JOHNSON.

Nothing Hector; nothing.

HECTOR.

Hector! quite familiar, truly! but  
no matter. Is it any thing I should  
not hear?

The elder RUSSEL.

Perhaps, it may be.

HECTOR.

Well then, I'm resolv'd to know it.

The elder RUSSEL.

When you've any right to make me tell you.

The elder JOHNSON.

Softly, Russel: 'twon't be proper we should quarrel in a house that's not our own.

The elder RUSSEL.

'Tis much less proper, any one should be unmannerly and rude, and more particularly to his guests.

HECTOR (*loftily.*)

Unmannerly and rude! what I? because I came into the room before you.

The elder RUSSEL.

You have guess'd it. When you honour us in Thames-street with a visit, and indeed when any one does

so, we always pull our hats off, let you take the lead, and go in last.

HECTOR.

You do no more than what you ought; but recollect what I am, and look after at yourselves.

The elder RUSSEL.

And then what follows?

HECTOR.

Shall you ever be a nobleman?

The elder RUSSEL (*to his brother and the Johnsons.*)

A nobleman! let's leave him to be proud of his nobility till—

The elder JOHNSON.

Fie on such behaviour, Hector! if you fancy it beneath your dignity, to entertain your friends, you should

130 THE SWORD.

not have invited us : We did not think ourselves of such an honor.

HECTOR.

I invite you ! 'Twas not I sent for you, but Papa.

The elder RUSSEL.

O was it ? well, let's go then and return his Lordship thanks for his politeness ; but inform him likewise, that his son considers it beneath him to receive us with civility.—Come brother.

HECTOR (*detaining him.*)

What ! I see then, Master Ruffel, you don't understand a joke. Papa, 'tis true, design'd to please me by inviting you, for 'tis my birth-day : so pray stay with me.



The elder RUSSEL.

We came with that intent : and therefore, for the future, show yourself more civil. I shall never be a nobleman, 'tis true ; but then, I shan't endure an insult from you with impunity.

The elder JOHNSON.

Be patient, Russel : we must yet be friends together.

The younger RUSSEL.

So then 'tis your birth-day ?

HECTOR.

Yes.

The elder JOHNSON.

I wish you joy with all my heart.

The elder RUSSEL.

I wish you every kind of happiness :

And (*aside*) likewise, hope you'll be more civil for the future.

The younger RUSSEL.

You have had some very pretty presents made you ?

HECTOR.

Certainly.

The younger RUSSEL.

Sweetmeats, very likely ?

HECTOR.

Ha ! ha ! sweetmeats ! They'd be very pretty truly ! I have sweetmeats every day. \*

The younger RUSSEL.

'Tis money then you've had, I'd lay a wager. One, two, three good golden guineas ; haven't you ?

HECTOR.

Very likely something better still

than money. Something, I alone, yes, I alone,—you hear me, don't you?—Something I alone have any right to.

*(The elder Russel and two Johnsons whisper one another.)*

The younger RUSSEL.

But had I receiv'd your something, I should have as great a right thereto perhaps, as any other.

HECTOR *(looking at him with contempt.)*

Ha, ha, ha, poor little cit! *(to the others)* But what are you three whispering there again? you ought to know 'twould now become you to divert me.

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The elder JOHNSON.

Do you give us first an opportunity to do so.

The elder RUSSEL.

Yes, indeed, for 'tis *his* duty who has visitors, to entertain them.

HECTOR.

Duty! what do you mean by that pray, Mr. Russel?

---

*S C E N E II.*

HECTOR, the two RUSSELS, the two JOHNSONS, and EVELINA.

EVELINA (*coming in with cake*).

GENTLEMEN, your most obedient servant. I am very glad to see you. Are you well?

*THE SWORD.* 135

The elder RUSSEL.

Yes, Lady Evelina, at your service.

The elder JOHNSON.

We are charm'd to see you every day grow prettier.

EVELINA.

I'm oblig'd to your politeness, gentlemen. But brother, 'tis to you I come. Mama desires you'd treat your friends, if they think proper, with a little cake. The orgeat will be ready in an instant. Jarvis is to bring it you, and I shall have the pleasure, if you give me leave, to pour it out. '

The elder RUSSEL.

We thank you for the honour you design us.

HECTOR.

We don't want you here now.—But hark ye, where's my sword knot? is it done?

EVELINA.

You'll find it in your chamber on the table. Gentlemen, I beg your leave a moment. I've a little business to dispatch.

The elder RUSSEL (*following her.*)

Pray Lady, shall we soon enjoy the honour of your company?

EVELINA.

I meant to come when Jarvis brought the orgeat; but I'll go and ask Mama's permission to return immediately. (*She goes out.*)

HECTOR

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HECTOR (*sitting down.*)

Well, make no ceremony, but sit down as I do. There are chairs enough I fancy. (*They stare at one another and sit down, without a word; while Hector gives the little ones a bit of cake a piece, but takes so much himself, that not a crumb is left to give the others.*) Wait a little: (*to the eldest*) We shall quickly have more cake, and then I'll give you some.

The elder RUSSEL.

We don't want any.]

HECTOR.

Don't you?

The elder JOHNSON:

And is this a gentleman's behaviour!

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HECTOR.

'Tis worth while, indeed, to mind one's manners with such little folks as you ! I've said already, we shall quickly have more cake brought in. You'll help yourselves or not, as you think proper then. You understand me.

The elder RUSSEL.

O yes, well enough ; and see what sort of company we're in.

The elder JOHNSON.

What quarrelling again there !—  
Mr. Hector, Russel, fie ! (*Hector rises and the others likewise.*)

HECTOR (*coming up to Russel.*)

And who, my little cit, do you suppose yourself with ?



**T H E S W O R D. 139**

The elder RUSSEL (*with a steady tone of voice.*)

O I'll tell you.—With the noble and polite Lord Bountiful's unmannerly and ill-bred son, who thinks himself much greater than he is, and does not know how well behav'd young gentlemen conduct themselves.

The elder JOHNSON.

We all three say so too.

HECTOR.

What I unmannerly and ill-bred?  
—I that am a gentleman!

The elder RUSSEL.

Yes, yes, I say again; the noble and polite Lord Bountiful's unmannerly and ill-bred son.—I'd call you so, were you a duke or prince.

140 THE SWORD.

HECTOR (*striking him.*)

Take that; I'll teach you who you talk to.

(*The elder Russel goes to collar Hector; but he runs away, gets out, and shuts the door behind him.*)

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SCENE III.

The two RUSSELS and two JOHNSONS.

The elder JOHNSON.

MY goodness, Russel! what will all this end in! He'll go tell my lord a thousand stories. What will he think of us?

The elder RUSSEL.

No; my lord's a man of hono

**T H E S W O R D. 141**

I'll go speak to him myself, if Hector does not. He can never have invited us to be abus'd so grossly by his son.

**The younger JOHNSON.**

My lord will send us home, and make complaint of our behaviour.

**The younger RUSSEL.**

No, my brother's in the right. Papa will praise his conduct, when we tell him what has happen'd. He'll let no one, I am sure, insult us in this manner.

**The elder RUSSEL.**

Follow me: we must repair this moment to my lord.

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SCENE IV.

The two RUSSELS, two JOHNSONS  
and HECTOR.

*(Hector entering with his sword drawn. The little ones are frightened at the sword, and run behind the chairs: the elder keep their ground.)*

HECTOR *(coming up to the elder Russell.)*

I'LL teach you how you speak  
future to your betters.

*(He unsheaths his sword, but finds a peacock's feather fastened to the hilt instead of blade: he stands confounded: the two little ones burst out laughing, and draw near.)*

*T H E S W O R D.* 143

The elder RUSSEL.

Well come on : let's see how sharp  
your sword is.

The elder JOHNSON.

Don't increase his shame, he merits  
our contempt.

The younger RUSSEL.

Ah! this then was the thing you  
only had a right to ?

The younger JOHNSON.

Oh! he'll do no harm, I fancy,  
with his dreadful weapon.

The elder RUSSEL.

I might now avenge myself, Sir, on  
your insolence ; but that I think you  
much beneath my notice.

The elder JOHNSON.

He's not worthy of our company ;  
let's leave him to himself.

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The younger RUSSEL.

Good-b'ye, sir; you that have the peacock-feather sword.

The younger JOHNSON.

We'll not come here again, till you're difarm'd; for 'tis impossible to look you in the face. *(they are going out, but the elder Russel stops them.)*

The elder RUSSEL.

Let's stay, or rather let's us go give my lord a true account of our behaviour; otherwise appearances will be against us.

The elder JOHNSON.

You're quite right: what would his Lordship think, if we should leave his house, and not take leave?

SCENE *the last.*

The two RUSSELS, two JOHNSONS,  
HECTOR, and lord BOUNTIFUL.

*(They all put on a serious countenance  
before my lord, while Hector slinks  
into a corner of the room, and weeps  
for spite.)*

LORD BOUNTIFUL *(to Hector with a  
look of indignation.)*

WHAT's this I've overheard?  
*(Hector cannot speak for sobbing.)*

The elder RUSSEL.

My Lord, forgive us the confusion  
we are in before you. 'Tis not we  
occasioned it; for from the moment  
we came in, your son behav'd so rudely  
to us—

## Lord BOUNTIFUL.

No excuses, my good little man. I am inform'd of every thing. I took my station in the adjoining chamber, and am witness from the first to Hector's insults. He is so much guiltier, as he made me, just before you came, the fairest promises of good behaviour. I have really suspected him of such a disposition, ever since he went to France: the scorn that trifling people have for trade, first nourish'd such a disposition in him, and I've often told him, to no purpose, that a trading nation, such as England, honours those who follow trade; but still though I suspected him, I never thought he could have been so bad. A little circumstance that happened just before



**T H E   S W O R D.   147**

you came, induced me to lie thus in wait, that I might see how far his insolence would go : and being fearful that some harm might happen, gave him, as you see, a blade that never will shed blood. (*they all burst out a laughing.*)

**The elder RUSSEL.**

Forgive me, Sir however, in particular, the liberty I took of telling him the truth so harshly.

**Lord BOUNTIFUL:**

On the other hand, I give you thanks, for your proceeding.—You're a valiant little man, and merit more than he, this mark of my esteem. Accept then of his sword, and wear it when you come of age, for my sake,

after you've been properly instructed how to use it. But the blade shall first be reinstated.

The elder RUSSEL.

I'm confus'd, my lord, in thinking of your kindness: but at present, let us all retire: our company will not be very pleasing to the gentleman your son.

Lord BOUNTIFUL.

No, stay all day, my friends. The presence of my son shall not disturb your entertainment. You may please yourselves as you think proper. Evelina shall do any thing she can to make your stay agreeable. So follow me into the next apartment; but for you, Sir, (*to Hector*) you may stay behind and celebrate your birth-day

*THE SWORD.* 149

by yourself; you never shall in future have a sword, till you deserve it, should you be without one till you're sixty.

*End of Vol. III.*

